

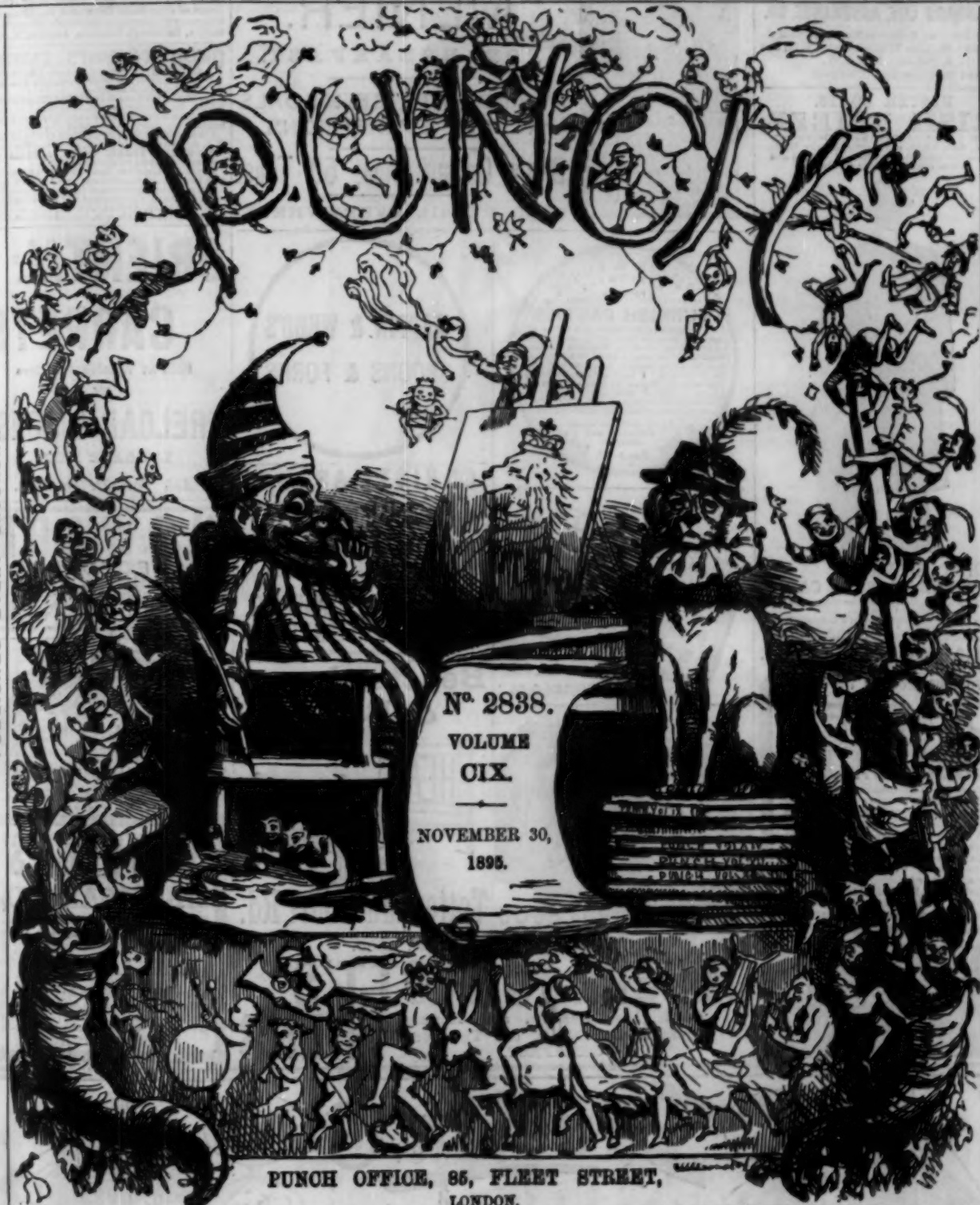
GRAND HOTEL, LONDON.
HOTEL VICTORIA, LONDON.
FIRST AVENUE HOTEL, LONDON.
CLIFTONVILLE HOTEL, MARCATE.
HOTEL METROPOLE } BRIGHTON.
AND
CLARENCE ROOMS }

THE GORDON HOTELS

ARE

HOTEL METROPOLE } LONDON.
AND
WHITENALL ROOMS }
BURLINGTON HOTEL, EASTBOURNE.
ROYAL PIER HOTEL, HYDE, I. W.
HOTEL METROPOLE, MONTE CARLO.
HOTEL METROPOLE, CANNES.

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PUNCH OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET, LONDON.

FRY'S PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA

"STRONGEST AND BEST."—Health.

TO A. BALFOUR.

By a Lady Member of the Balfour Habitation of the Primrose League.

["I believe it was the Primrose League that recognised the great truth that, whether women ought or ought not to have a vote. . . they are rather more than half the human race in these islands . . . and have a right to make their influence felt through the electoral machinery of the country."—*Mr. Balfour in Glasgow.*]

AIR—"Isadore."

I.

BEFORE the Primrose Eve,
Gathered by Clyde's dark shore—
Clustering from roof to floor,
Shaking with joy like tremulous leaves—
Waving thy snowy clasped hand,
Which Primrose Dames adore,
Last night, oh bliss! I saw thee stand,
Like a fair Prince from Fairyland—
Enchanter of the Primrose band,
Most beauteous A. BALFOUR.

II.

Oh, it was like a dream
To dear mamma and me,
Thy big soft eyes to see!
Uttered they did o'erflowing seem
With the deep untold delight
Of Party victory!
Thy classic brow, like lilies white,
And pale as the Imperial night
Pictured by EDGAR,—who was right,—
Enthralled my soul to thee!

III.

Ah! ever I behold
Thy dreamy poet eyes,
Calm as the languid skies,
Yet with true patriot fervour bold.
How clear the woman's mission grows
To Primrose women wise!
We're roused from our too long repose,
We votaries of the Earl's Primrose
Persuasions press—which spiteful foes
Persist in calling—fibs!

IV.

Like music heard in dreams,
Like strains of Hope unknown,
Or felt for ever flown,
Audible as the voice of streams,
I hear thy dulcet tone.
"Day to day work," that is a spell
For Dames who with the Primrose dwell!
How right thou art! I know it well,
Who work—for thee alone!

V.

In every district heard,
Fair Primrose Dames thou'lt see
(Just like mamma and me).
"Keep at it!" Ah, yes!—"like a bird."
The Union cause is thine, and mine.
The Primrose doth not flee!
Of thine own Habitation, thine,
Am I, PRINCE ARTHUR, bland, benign!
Brave BALFOUR! Ah! that name divine
To me seems melody!

* "The silent influence which women can exert when properly organised operates perpetually upon classes whose conversion can be effected by no ordinary agency. They are always 'at it,' as Mr. BALFOUR has found some perspicacious opponent declaring."—*Times.*

QUESTION (by an earnest inquirer into the "Denominational teaching controversy").
What is "Catechism"?
Anti-Denominationalist's reply. "Catechism" is "Dog-matism." [Exeunt severally.

A HOT DIPLOMATIC DISH (for the season).
—Curried Turkey.



"THE TRILBY MANIA GROWS Apace. IT HAS REACHED PROKHAM. AUNT MARIA WENT TO THE FANCY DRESS BALL OF THE PROKHAM SEASON AS TRILBY IN HER FIRST COSTUME."—*Extract from Letter of Miss M. Brown to Miss N. Smith.*

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

(A Hint from Hawarden.)

[MR. GLADSTONE, writing of Mr. SPIELMANN'S *History of Punch*, says: "I shall be happy to see in my library a work recording the history of a prosperous and successful effort not only to associate sound art with politics, but also to humanise the warfare connected with a trying mode of life."]

MR. PUNCH is happy to acknowledge this tribute so happily expressed, and hopes that the happiness of the illustrious recluse of Hawarden has before now been increased—as it must be—by a careful perusal of Mr. SPIELMANN'S excellent *History*, of which it need only be said, that it is worthy of its subject.

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said
I'd like to fathom many a mystery
Concerning Mr. Punch's history?
If such there be, let him be shamed
By the great statesman, old, world-famed,
Who, far from party animosity,
Keeps up intelligent curiosity
Concerning England's other glory,
As well shown forth in SPIELMANN'S story.
If such there breathe, let the poor dunce,
In true contrition, send at once,
Swift—aye, as England's champion wheel-
man—

For the great book of Mr. SPIELMANN,
And share, as Punch will hope he can,
The "happiness" of our Grand Old Man!

"THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH (I)."

(A Glimpse into the Possible Future.)

SCENE—The Horse Guards. PRESENT: the Commander-in-Chief. The illustrious official is engaged in glancing at reports, and adding his signature to dictated letters. Enter to him, after knocking, the Adjutant-General.

Commander-in-Chief (looking up). Well, my good friend, everything working smoothly Adjutant-General. Yes, Sir. I looked into that saddle-cutting case, and it seems that it was confined to one troop. I don't think there will be any further trouble in that quarter.

Com.-in-C. Thank you very much. Will you kindly ask the Inspector-General of Fortifications to look me up?

Adj.-Gen. Certainly, Sir. [Salutes, and exits.

Com.-in-C. (turning over plans). Dear me, now where is that map of Gib.? Ah, here it is! (Enter, after knocking, the Inspector-General of Fortifications.) Well, have the guns been mounted as arranged?

Insp.-Gen. of F. Yes, Sir. I looked into the matter, according to your instructions. It appears the delay was caused by having to take over the carriages from the Admiralty. However, it's all right now.

Com.-in-C. Thanks, very much. I suppose you talked it all over with the Inspector-General of Ordnance and the Quartermaster-General?

Insp.-Gen. of F. I did, Sir. I thought it better to see that the tents were all right—as you mentioned them.

Com.-in-C. Quite so. And now, if you will be so kind, send the Military Secretary, the Director of the Intelligence Department and the Director of Mobilization to me.

Insp.-Gen. of F. Certainly, Sir. [Salutes, and exits.

Com.-in-C. What a lot of time I have to devote to seeing these fellows! But perhaps they might be offended if I did not consult them now and again. (Enter, after knocking, the Military Secretary, the Director of the Intelligence Department, and the Director of Mobilization.) Glad to see you, Gentlemen. Pray be seated. And now have you anything to report—of course for the information of the Secretary of State?

Mil. Sec. Speaking for my colleagues, Sir, I think not. If you remember, Sir, you said we had better leave mobilization alone until the season arrived for the Autumn Manœuvres.

Com.-in-C. To be sure, so I did! I am really very sorry to have troubled you unnecessarily.

Mil. Sec. Not at all, Sir. [Salutes, and exits with his colleagues.

Com.-in-C. There, that's done, and now I can get back to my work.

Secretary of State (entering). I hope I don't intrude, my dear Field-Marshal.

Com.-in-C. Intrude! Why, I am delighted to see you. Can I do anything for you to-day? Only too pleased!

Sec. of S. Well, thank you very much; but as the House is not sitting, I don't think I require your advice. All going on to your satisfaction? (Com.-in-C. bows.) That's right. I won't interrupt you any longer. Good-bye, and thank you very much. [Exits.

Com.-in-C. A most sensible and courteous colleague, or should I say Commanding Officer? Yes (smiling), I should say Commanding Officer, and think what I like. On my word, it is a little difficult to distinguish in what respect my position varies from that held by the dear old Duke! (Ponders.) Oh, I know! I have a different signature!

[Scene closes in upon the illustrious official returning to his work.



A POPULAR WHEEL TAX.

Toby (introducing a deputation to the Chancellor of the Exchequer). "IF YOU PLEASE, SIR, WE ARE ALL TAXED. WHY SHOULD HE BE LET OFF?"
 Sir M-a-l H-e-l-s B-e-d (most politely). "THE QUESTION SHALL RECEIVE MY EARNEST CONSIDERATION." ('The deputation then withdrew.' Vide Public Papers.)

Long & Co. Ltd.



A RARE CHANCE!

Huntsman. "Hi! STOP 'EM, SIR! THEY'RE ON AN OLD 'UN!"
 Hard-riding Gent (who is very seldom able to afford a "day out"). "ALL THE BETTER, OLD CHAP—ALL THE BETTER." (*Sotto voce*, as he disappears over fence). "DIDN'T PAY TWO GUINEAS TO WALK!"

A NOVEL EDUCATION.

["One of the latest of the new academic studies instituted in the United States is 'a course of modern fiction.'... The modern fiction class in Yale University numbers no fewer than 258 members."—*Daily Telegraph*.]

THE tutor of St. Mary's, Cambridge, was sitting in his rooms after Hall interviewing a succession of undergraduates.

"Sit down, please, Mr. JONES," he said to the last comer; "I wish to speak to you very seriously on the subject of your work. The College is not at all satisfied with your progress this term. For instance, Professor KILLYARD tells me that your attendance at his lectures has been most irregular."

"Well, Sir," said JONES, fumbling with the tassel of his cap, "I didn't think they were important—"

"Not important? How do you expect to be able to get up difficult authors like CROCKETT and MACLAREN unless you've attended a course of lectures on Scotch dialect? Do you know the meaning of 'havers,' 'gabby,' or 'yammering'? I thought not. Then your last paper on 'Elementary Becanties' was very weak. Have you really been giving your energies to your work, or have you been frittering away your time over other books?"

JONES looked guilty, but said nothing.

"Ah," resumed the Don, "I see how it is. You've been wasting your time over light literature—HOMER and VIRGIL, and trash of that sort. But you really must resist temptations of that kind if you wish to do creditably in the Tripos. Good evening."

JONES departed, to be succeeded by another undergraduate.

"I sent for you, Mr. SMITH," said the Tutor, "because—though your work on the older writers is pretty good—your acquaintance with modern realism is quite insufficient. You will attend the course of anatomy lectures at the hospital, please. You can't study your 'keynotes' intelligently without them."

A third student made his appearance in the doorway.

"Mr. ROBINSON, I'm sorry to say that your work is unsatisfactory. On looking at your MUDIE list, I find that you've only taken out ten novels in the last month. In order to see whether you can

be permitted to take the Tripos this year, I'm going to give you a few questions, the answers to which must be brought me before Saturday. You will find pen and ink on that table. Kindly take down the following questions, as I dictate them."

The tutor cleared his throat, and began:

"Question one. Explain 'P.W.D. accounts,' 'a G.T.,' 'G.B.T. shin-bones.' Trace the bearing of the history of Mowgli on the Darwinian theory."

"Question two. The truth shall make us free. Give context, and comment on this statement. Conjugate, in accordance with the library catalogue, *The Woman who*—, noting which of the tenses are irregular."

"Question three. 'There were two Trilbys' (*Trilby*, Part VIII.). Explain this statement. What had Mr. WHISTLER to do with it?"

"Question four. Give the formulae for the employment of (a) the Mad Bull; (b) the Runaway Horse; (c) the Secret Marriage. What would you suggest as the modern equivalents of these?"

"Question five. Rewrite the story of *Jack and Jill*,—(a) in Wessex dialect; (b) as a 'Keynote'; (c) as a 'Dolly Dialogue'."

"That will do for the present," concluded the tutor. And, as his pupil left the room, he seated himself at the writing-table and began Chapter XXIX. of his "Prolegomena to *Three Men in a Boat*."

BY OUR OWN SCHOOLBOY.

Q. Translate "*Tertium quid*."

A. It means a third sovereign.

NOTES ON THE BUSBY BICENTENARY.—According to his biography given in the *Times* on the occasion of Dr. BUSBY's bi-centenary, that eminent public schoolmaster, who held his head-mastership of Westminster under Monarchy and Commonwealth, seems to have been a precursor of the celebrated *Vicar of Bray*. In memory of their great headmaster the Westminster Boys' Corps of Volunteers will always wear "the Busby."

LEAVES FROM THE NICHLAND JOURNAL OF TOBY, M.P.

LEAF LAST.—FULL STOP IN THE DAWDLE FROM THE NORTH.

"HERE'S a go," I said, turning to SARK, after carefully looking round the station to see if we really were back at Oban, having a quarter of an hour ago started (as we supposed) on our journey, already fifteen minutes late.

"Well, if you put it in that way," he said, "I should call it an entire absence of go. I thought it was a peculiarly jolting train. Never passed over so many points in the same time in my life."

"Looks as if we should miss train at Stirling," I remark, anxiously. "If so, we can't get on from Carlisle to Woodside to-night."

"Oh, that'll be all right," said SARK, airy to the last; "we'll make it up as we go along."

Again sort of faint bluish light, which I had come to recognise as a smile, feebly flashed over cadaverous countenance of the Stranger in corner seat.

Certainly no hurry in getting off. More whistling, more waving



"What hill?"

of green flag. Observed that natives who had come to see friends off had quietly waited on platform. Train evidently expected back. Now it had returned they said good-bye over again to friends. Train deliberately steamed out of station thirty-five minutes late. Every eight or ten miles stopped at roadside station. No one got in or got out. After waiting five or six minutes, to see if any one would change his mind, train crawled out again. Performance repeated few miles further on with same result.

"Don't put your head out of the window and ask questions," SARK remonstrated, as I banged down the window. "I never did it since I heard a story against himself JOHN BRIGHT used to tell with great glee. Travelling

homeward one day in a particularly slow train, it stopped an unconscionably long time at Oldham. Finally, losing all patience, he leaned out of the window, and in his most magisterial manner said, 'Is it intended that this train shall move on to-night?' The porter addressed, not knowing the great man, tartly replied, 'Put in thy big white yedd, and mebbe the train'll start.'

Due at Loch Awe 1.32; half-past one when we strolled into Connell Ferry station, sixteen miles short of that point. Two more stations before we reach Loch Awe.

"Always heard it was a far cry to Loch Awe," said SARK, undauntedly determined to regard matters cheerfully.

"You haven't come to the hill yet," said a sepulchral voice in the corner.

"What hill?" I asked.

"Oh, you'll see soon enough. It's where we usually get out and walk. If there are on board the train any chums of the guard or driver, they are expected to lend a shoulder to help the train up."

Ice once broken, Stranger became communicative. Told us his melancholy story. Had been a W. S. in Edinburgh. Five years ago, still in prime of life, bought a house at Oban; obliged to go to Edinburgh once, sometimes twice, a week. Only thrice in all that time had train made junction with Edinburgh train at Stirling. Appetite failed; flesh fell away; spirits went down to water level. Through looking out of window on approaching Stirling, in hope of seeing South train waiting, eyes put on that gaze of strained anxiety that had puzzled me. Similarly habit contracted of involuntarily jerking up right hand with gesture designed to arrest departing train.

"Last week, coming north from Edinburgh," said the hapless passenger, "we were two hours late at Loch Awe. 'A little late to-day, aren't we?' I timidly observed to guard. 'On aye! we're a bit late,' he said. 'Ye see, we had a lot of rams, and we couldna' get baith them and you up the hill; so we left ye at Tyndrum, and ran the rams through first, and then came back for ye.'"



"I hope we shan't miss the train at Stirling?"

Fifty minutes late at Killin Junction. So far from making up time lost at Oban, more lost at every wayside station.

"I hope we shan't miss the train at Stirling?" I anxiously inquired of guard.

"Weel, no," said he, looking at his watch. "I dinna think ye'll hae managed that yet."

This spoken in soothing tones, warm from the kindly Scottish heart. Hadn't yet finally lost chance of missing train at Stirling that should enable us to keep our tryst at Woodside. But no need for despair. A little more dawdling and it would be done.

Done it was. When we reached Stirling, porters complacently announced English mail had left quarter of an hour ago. As for stationmaster, he was righteously indignant with inconsiderate travellers who showed disposition to lament their loss.

"Good night," said cadaverous fellow-passenger, feebly walking out of darkling station. "Hope you'll get a bed somewhere. Having been going up and down line for five years, I keep a bedroom close by. Cheaper in the end. I shall get on in the morning."

FOUND IN THE MINISTERIAL LETTER-BOX.

(Post-mark, Berlin.)

MY DEAR LORD,—Noting that you have been so kind as to grant the request of the SULTAN to make a speech upon a subject of his Imperial Majesty's selection, I ask you to afford me the same obliging courtesy. I have less hesitation in asking this favour, as it seems to me that some of the more recent of your orations have been rather barren of interesting matter. Have you noticed that I have recently published a very excellent drawing, which has been reproduced in black and white? Thanks to peculiar advantages I possess for furthering the circulation of periodicals with which I am personally connected, I have been able to induce the Trade to take the picture up with (to me) gratifying enthusiasm. But I feel that a few words from you, spoken at the right time, in the right place, would work wonders for it. Could not the LORD MAYOR get up a second edition of his banquet? I merely throw out this suggestion as a hint. No doubt your fertility of invention will produce something better. At any rate I inclose a circular giving full particulars of my cartoon, which may be of use to you. The terms are "net cash," but a reduction will be made on taking a quantity.

Always yours sincerely,

(Signed) W. KING AND EMPEROR.

(Post-mark, St. Petersburg.)

MY DEAR LORD,—Of course I do not wish to put you to any personal inconvenience. But as you have established a precedent I act upon it. Would you be so very obliging as to make a speech at your next big meeting correcting the prevailing false impression that I am an autocrat? I can assure you, on my honour, that this is not the case. By the constitution of my beloved country we all do what we please. The only advantage I have is to do what I please before the opinion of my subjects is consulted. What I wish to-day, everyone in Russia wishes to-morrow. This undoubted truth has been fully explained to a distinguished correspondent in Paris by one of my agents. However, you will do no harm if you repeat the story at your next public meeting. Yours most truly,

(Signed) N. EMPEROR.

(Post-mark, Brussels.)

MY DEAR LORD,—Of course the £6000 recently sent over to England was merely to satisfy current expenses. Justice will follow later on. However, that this may be plain, will you kindly say you have received this note when you make a speech at your next public dinner. With many apologies for troubling you,

Yours most sincerely, (Signed) L. KING.

(Post-mark, Ashanti.)

GREAT CHIEF,—I hear you speak much. I speak little. But when you make another speech speak to me. You speak for benefit of that SULTAN, why not you speak to respectable coloured gentleman? What I ask you is this—Someone took my umbrella nearly twenty years ago. Why not you return it?

KING OF ASHANTI X his mark.

(Post-mark, Fleet Street.)

MY DEAR LORD,—Don't see what else you could do. Still prefer your own eloquent words to the flowery periods of that unfortunate potentate. (Signed) PUNCH (no further title requisite).

ERRY HAUTHOR JONES is a sensible man. He has adopted the advice of his best friend Mr. Punch, and is not going to change his name and drop the classic JONES. The dramatic descendant (English branch line) of Ion of Chios, son of ORTHOMENES, is right.

ROUNABOUT READINGS.

OF THE SHOOTING OF FOXES.

THE other day a friend was relating to me his shooting experiences in the United States of America. Amongst other incidents he mentioned that, during one of his expeditions, he came to a place where there were many foxes. These he was expected to shoot; but, on the first day, his British hunting instinct revolted from the idea, and he refused to fire at bold Reynard. In reply to the remonstrances of his American companions he could only urge that having, during a long course of years, pursued the fox in England with no weapon but a hunting-crop, he could not immediately rid himself of the British prejudice which ranks vulpicide and partridge together as the two chief crimes known to the Calendar.

THE American sportsmen retorted, naturally enough, that, as it didn't happen to be their custom in that particular part of the country to ride after foxes with packs of hounds, they would be much obliged to him if he divested himself of his prejudices, took a reasonable view of matters, and did his share in the shooting of foxes.



After some further hesitation, my friend bowed to the force of these arguments, and on the following day, lo and behold, he bagged more of these sacred animals than all the rest of the party put together. He is a distinguished officer, with a brilliant record, and, humanly speaking, many years of useful activity still before him. I shall, therefore, keep his name secret, lest, by divulging it, I should ruin him in the estimation of his fellow-countrymen, and compel him to retire into the unmerited obscurity of half-pay.

In this country, of course, the extermination of the fox provides sport and the most glorious of healthy exercise for thousands and thousands. It teaches not merely good horsemanship, but courage, quickness of resource, and endurance. It provides an engrossing pursuit to men who might otherwise find no vent for their energies: without it conversation in certain parts of the country would languish and die. For all these reasons fox-hunting, according to the conventions we have established here, is a sport that it would be the merest folly to oppose. And unless fox-shooting were made a quasi-capital offence there would soon be very few foxes left to be chased by *Tearaway*, *Tipstaf*, *Trimmer*, *Music*, *Melody*, and all the rest of the celebrated hounds who stream every day over our countryside.

I WAS once a member of a shooting party in Yorkshire. One of us was an excellent old sporting parson, whose gun did great execution amongst the partridges. As we were walking through a turnip-field where the cover was very thick there was a sudden flash of brown fur in front of the parson. "Hare," said one of the boaters, incautiously: "No, no; fox," shouted another; but he was too late. The reverend gentleman had fired, and a fine dog-fox lay quivering about twenty yards in front of him.

THE incident cast an impenetrable gloom over the party. We did not dare to joke about it. The occurrence was too tragic, the involuntary fox-murderer was too deeply plunged in melancholy. He unloaded his gun, gave it to one of the keepers, and said, in a voice of stony despair, "I'll shoot no more to-day." A little later he seemed to cheer up, smoked a pipe with apparent zest, and was able to take a little solid food at lunch. But at tea-time, when our hostess asked him not to give way, but to bear up for the sake of his family and his attached parishioners, he could only shake his head gloomily and murmur, "Ah, what will they think of me now?" It was in vain that she rallied him, and said that one might imagine he had shot a child. "I almost wish I had," was the sorrowful reply.

OF course the old man saw clearly enough what would be the consequences of one rash moment. What did it avail him that he had been a zealous minister of the gospel, that he had conducted his Sunday-school with credit, that he had preached two sermons every week with exemplary regularity, that he had on more than one occasion entertained the archbishop of his province, that his wife had organised coal and blanket funds, and found an abundance of needlework for the leisure of the female parishioners, and that he himself had sung "*There's a bower of roses by Bendemeer's stream*" at countless concerts with constant favour? All this record of good works, he knew, would count for nothing. Henceforward he would be known far and wide as "the parson who shot a fox." In short, joy had gone out of his life for ever, and though he might water his pillow with his tears he would never be able to wash away this terrible stain. Therefore he did right to be unhappy.

WHAT became of him afterwards I cannot say with certainty. But last week, as I was passing through Bury Street, I saw a musical family in rags and tatters slowly singing its way up the street. There was a drunken, miserable father; a shawled and tearful mother walked beside him leading two woe-begone children, and all were singing the most despairing and melancholy strain. As I passed I looked at the father. Something in his face seemed familiar; could it be?—but before I had time to make any inquiries he grasped his wife by the arm, the singing ceased, and the whole dismal troupe shuffled away into Jermyn Street. If this was indeed, as I more than half suspect, my old clerical fellow-sportsman, it must be admitted that his punishment has been severe, though not, perhaps, unjust.

"A MONTAGU!"

(Mr. Punch's Appeal on behalf of the Montagu Williams Blanket Fund.)

"For we are all one flesh,
And need one flannel—with a proper sense
Of difference in the quality."

SO said Mrs. BROWNING, qualifying obvious truth with a touch of feminine satire. The first portion of the quotation would make no bad motto for "The Montagu Williams Blanket and Clothing Fund (Worship Street)." The fund was started by that worthy magistrate, and man, whose too early loss is still deplored, "because he saw how much the poor of the East End suffered through lack of clothing, and especially the children, many of whom are sent to school half clothed and half fed." "Such cases" (says Mr. JOHN MASSEY, C. E. T. S. Missionary, writing to the *Daily News*), "deserve our first attention."

"Quite right!" says Mr. Punch. "Think of the comfort for the comfortless represented by the distribution of 2000 blankets!"

Oh respectable sirs with warm hearts—and slow livers—
Just picture poor children a prey to "the shivers,"
A slight fit of which, when the wind's in the East,
Upsets the rich man at his fireside or feast.
With them they are chronic one half of the year,
For fires they can't pay for, and blankets are dear.
Oh satins and silks have their laureates fine
In whom fashion and splendour inspire every line;
But who'll write an Ode to a Blanket? The theme
Might inspire a true bard more than mere morbid dream,
Punch must pen it some day! But his present intent
Is to help, and increase by a hundred per cent.,
Good MONTAGU WILLIAMS's Fund. Gentle readers,
To you at this season come plentiful pleaders,
But what you can spare for one more worthy channel,
Punch gives you his tip—Put the cash into Flannel!

Misapplied? Mr. MASSEY bears witness that since the fund was initiated four years ago one blanket only has found its way into the pawnshop (and that was returned by the worthy pawnbroker), though nearly 2000 have been distributed. 560 families or 4600 persons, have been helped, and "many men and women have been re-started in life by a gift of decent clothes, restoring them to the level of respectability."

What more need be said? Save that contributions may be sent to the magistrates, Mr. H. J. BUSHBY and Mr. HADEN CORSEN, at Worship Street Police Court, for the Blanket and Clothing Fund; whilst parcels of clothes will be gratefully received by Mr. JOHN MASSEY, at 20, Albion Road, Dalston, N.E. As *Portia* might have said:—

The quality of MASSEY (like that of his blankets) is not strained,
It droppeth like the sun's warm rays from heaven
Upon the poor when winter chills that sun;
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes
(Those blankets, following kindly MONTAGU),
And earthly wealth seems then least Mammonish
When MASSEY moves its mercy.

PORTSMOUTHIANA (from our Special South Coast Inspector).—The Town Council is ultra-monarchical, boasting two Kings; while the Bench rivals Temple Bar, having a Griffin of its own. The sea forces are, appropriately enough, in charge of a Salmon; a rare Davis looks after those in *terris*. Democratic opinions appear to prevail in the Dockyard, for *Princes George* is being continually hammered. The arrival of the Russian squadron has created a rise in tallow.

A SURE CARD.—By this time the Christmas Card should be played out. It isn't; but, instead, it is "dealt out" by RAPHAEL TUCK AND SON, who hold good hands, mostly trumps.



A SOFT ANSWER.

"SUSAN, JUST LOOK HERE! I CAN WRITE MY NAME IN THE DUST ON THE TOP OF THIS TABLE!" "LOB, MUM, SO YOU CAN! NOW I NEVER HAD NO EDUCATION MYSELF!"

THE COMPANY PROMOTER'S VADE MECUM.

Question. Is it absolutely necessary that a constructor of companies should have any capital?

Answer. Not in coin; but it is desirable that he should be able to draw on a reserve fund of unlimited assurance.

Q. And is it essential that he should enjoy a spotless reputation?

A. Of course such an endowment would be extremely advantageous, but it is scarcely imperative.

Q. Ought he not to be a well-known man?

A. If his record is irreproachable, but otherwise it might be convenient were his identity unrecognisable.

Q. Should the company he proposes to promote be suggestive of an attempt to satisfy a want?

A. No—not necessarily. The objects of a company must not be confused with the aims of a charity.

Q. Then what should be the end of an association of limited liability?

A. The acquisition of enormous profits.

Q. Should the means taken to obtain this end be of a praiseworthy character?

A. To be perfectly safe they should recommend themselves to the approval of the company's solicitors.

Q. What is the first step towards forming a company?

A. The drafting of the prospectus.

Q. How should a prospectus be drafted?

A. In such a manner that the maximum of effect may be produced at the cost of the minimum of deception.

Q. Should an appeal be made to the benevolence of investors?

A. Only as an additional advantage to speculation; the chief object of attack should be human cupidity.

Q. What argument should be used in obtaining the public support?

A. That investors had already secured large profits by taking part in some scheme of a kindred character.

Q. Should there not be a strong board of directors?

A. Yes, and that strength should be shown

in the titles in abundance, either before or after the names of the members.

Q. Why do you draw a distinction between before and after?

A. Because, if a director is neither a peer nor a baronet, he should be at least the chairman of some other company.

Q. Are not hereditary titles nowadays rather at a discount?

A. Amongst seasoned speculators, but they are still popular with those who are investing their money for the first time.

Q. Having published a prospectus and obtained a board, what must the promoter do next?

A. He must see that the expenses and remuneration incidental to his own labours are not absorbed by the amount expended upon advertisement.

Q. The shares having been allotted and a handsome sum appearing at the bankers, what should be the promoter's next care?

A. To obtain a cheque of adequate value payable to bearer.

Q. And having cashed it, what should be his consolation should the company hereafter enter into liquidation?

A. That if thousands were ruined, he had taken the precaution to keep on the right side of the law.

URBS IN RURÉ—THE FARMER'S FUTURE.

PARSON says "I ought to be glad to be an Essex farmer breathing pure air into my lungs." I tell parson "pure air won't pay my rent for me." He says rents have been reduced. Yes, but they aren't reduced as much as I am. He says "living off the land" is the healthiest thing a man can do. Wish I had a chance of living off the land. Wouldn't live on it. When will somebody do something for us?

Somebody has! G. E. Railway has reduced its rates to London. Can send double as much now for a shilling as I could before. Must use company's own boxes, however. Still, I don't mind that. Orders for fowls, turkeys, fresh eggs, vegetables and fruit coming in fast, from London families. Chance of making the boys useful. Keep them at work of nailing and directing boxes all the morning.

Hurrah! Government has "reduced local burdens." Rates cut down to half what they were. Glad I voted Tory. Hullo! Notice from landlord that "in consequence of great decrease of local charges he thinks the time has come to raise my rent!" Sorry I didn't vote Radical. Shall next time. If it weren't for the rent, now, I should be clearing a good profit.

Rent needn't trouble me, it seems. Strong Radical government. Going to "nationalise the land." Light railways being built all over the place. Can send ton of potatoes to town for twopence-halfpenny. Jam factories started everywhere, too—no difficulty in getting rid of my turnips now. Chimneys don't look pretty in the fields, certainly. Rush from towns to country. Building going on everywhere. Makes air rather smoky. Still a good thing to "put people on the land," I suppose.

Got three railways coming past my front door. Jam factory in next field. Rows of cottages down by the stream where trout used to be. No trout now. Parson tells me that grass is growing in streets of Baywater owing to this movement into the country. Says his church is to be enlarged. He hates it all. So do I. Why can't the people stay in London? Taken to growing their own produce, and don't want mine.

Parson off to a living in East End of London. Says he "must have pure air." Whole of Essex densely populated. County has become a larger London. People have been "put on the land," and no mistake. Every man his own farmer nowadays, so no need for me. Sell farm, and away to Canada!

MENT WERE ABLE TO ADOPT THE ROMANTIC DREAMS OF SOME ESTEEMED FRIENDS AMONGST US. THEY WOULD ADVANCE NOT A SINGLE STEP TOWARDS THE DISTANCE IN DIMINISHING THE SUFFERING WHICH THE HAND OF PROVIDENCE HAS INFLICTED—
BRITISH FARMER. "O LOB!"



HERCULES AND THE FARMER.

(Old Fable—Modern Version.)

HERCULES, SATISFIED (quoting from recent Speech at Brighton), "I AM CONSCIOUS THAT WHEN THE GOVERNMENT HAS DONE ITS BEST, EVEN IF THE GOVERNMENT WERE ABLE TO ADOPT THE ROMANTIC DREAMS OF SOME ESTEEMED FRIENDS AMONGST US, THEY WOULD ADVANCE BUT A VERY SMALL DISTANCE IN DIMINISHING THE SUFFERING WHICH THE HAND OF PROVIDENCE HAS INFLICTED—"

BRITISH FARMER. "O LOOR!"



THE GREAT AND THE SMALL



Fussy Old Lady. "NOW DON'T FORGET, CONDUCTOR. I WANT THE BASK OF ENGLAND."
Conductor. "ALL RIGHT, MUM." (Aside.) "SHE DON'T WANT MUCH, DO SHE, MATE!"

WHEELS WITHIN WHEELS.

Dialogue between two Young Gentlemen, dressed in Knickerbocker Suits, Gaiters, and Golf-caps. They have the indescribable air which proclaims the votary of the "Bike."

First Young Gentleman. Yes; I certainly agree with the French view of it. Cycling shouldn't be indulged in without care.

Second Y. G. They say in Paris that no one should become an habitual cyclist without "medical authorisation."

First Y. G. Yes. Quite right. Then, when you are permitted, you ought to travel at a moderate pace. About five miles an hour is quite enough for a beginner.

Second Y. G. Enough! Why, too much! You can't be too careful! Then, if you break off for a time, you ought to begin all over again. You should "gradually acquire speed"; not rush at it!

First Y. G. Certainly. I read in the *Lancet* only the other day that merely increasing the pace of a bike a couple of miles an hour was sufficient to send up the normal pulse to 150!

Second Y. G. Most alarming! And yet I

can see from your costume you are a cyclist.

First Y. G. Not at all. I am pleased with the costume, and, like yourself, have adopted it. Now do not laugh at me. But between ourselves, I have never been on a bicycle in my life!

Second Y. G. No more have I! [Curtain.]

WANTED, A BRUMMAGEN DICK WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT!!—In the P. M. G. last Saturday there was a startling heading to a paragraph, "Birmingham Overrun by Rats." The authorities, it said, have taken no steps to abate the nuisance because Mr. CHAMBERLAIN (the "Mahdi" or "Maloodhi" or is it "the Melodious" that the Bechuanaland Chiefs style him?), when he was mayor, declared that rats "were good scavengers," and being garbage-iverous, prevented disease. But now, can our JOSEPH any longer object? Or is he, on principle, dead against any sort of "ratting"?

SOMETHING LIKE A PARLIAMENTARY DIVISION.—The present condition of the Irish Nationalistic Party.

SONG TO SIMS REEVES.

(A long way after Hood's Hymn to the Sun.)

BY AN OLD ADMIRER.

GIVER of golden notes!
Though now a god of scarce-remembered days!

Others may follow
Some new Apollo,
I love thy song, and gladden in thy praise.

King of the tenor tribe,
Still poets' hymns of right to thee belong,
Though some are cold
Who heard of old
Thy matchless phrasing, thy mellifluous song.

Lord of the gracious bow,
The listeners to thy ballads held their breath.
Still dost thou save
From Time's chill grave
Such lingering sweets as love would snatch
from death.

Dreams of a greater day,—
When loud acclaim like incense-clouds did
rise

At thy last note,—
Before me float,
And bring the mist to an old buffer's eyes.

Truly "My pretty Jane"
Shall never more be sung as sung by thee.
Shall we applaud
Another "Maud"
As we did thine when all seemed youth and
glee?

Our dear old DIBDIN, too!—
When shall the Jack Tar's laureate find a
To sing in tones [voice]
Grim Davy Jones
Might melt at, how tars fight, love, grieve,
rejoice?

That song!—"Here a sheer hulk!"—
Ah! how mellifluous memories come rolling
Like eve's soft haze,
With that first phrase
Of thine immortal, magical "Tom Bowling!"

Our noble NELSON's death,
MACGREGOR's mingled battle-whoop and wail,
Despair that lay
In Biscay's bay,
And the swift rapture of that shout, "A sail!"

Who like our own SIMS REEVES
These varied lyric moods in song could render?
ELIJAH's woe,
Or the blent gloom and glow
Of the great grief-thrilled Master's love song
tender?

If now a lesser stage
A lessening light illumines, "Tom Bowling"
still

Draws loving cheers,
And the crowd's ears
To the great tenor's tasteful warbling thrill.

Of late a sportive GRACE
Gathered the well-earned meed of thirty
years.

Is Song less strong
To win the throng
To something more substantial than their
cheers?

May fifty years of song,
Matchless in its pure art as PATTI's own,
No guerdon claim
Beyond high fame,
And mere word-tribute, to sold custom grown?

Pride of the lyric stage,
Not all remember thy melodious prime;
But it shall leave
On winds at eve
A pleasant echo to the end of time!



"FACILIS DESCENSUS!"

Bikist (gaily). "HERE WE GO DOWN! DOWN! DOWN! DOWN!"

The Same (very much down). "NEVER AGAIN WITH YOU, MY BIKEY!"

MOATLHODI!

[The Bechuana chiefs have conferred on Mr. CHAMBERLAIN the title of MOATLHODI, meaning, it seems, "the man who puts things right."]

O MIDLAND "JOE," "SILOMO"
Must envious feel of your new title;
Which for a lot of party "rot"—
In "calling names"—should prove requital.
KHAMA & Co., O Chieftain JOE!
Ingenious seem in nomenclature,
Which Temperance cranks moves to warm
thanks
And angry faddists to good-nature.
Sir WILFRED thinks you're down on drinks,
And LAWSON laudeth *anybody*
Who giveth tongue 'gainst tyrant Bung,
So gives three cheers for MOATLHODI.
The angry Rad, who thought it sad
That JOE should turn a Tory-toady,
Thinks if you bar strong drink and war,
You are in sooth a MOATLHODI.
The might and aleight to "put things right"
Is what we want, JOE, in our leaders.
If that's your game, in fact as name,
From your side you'll find few seceders.
Then KHAMA's praise in sounding lays
We'll echo with exuberance hearty;
Each patriot who knows what's what
Must join the Moatlhodi Party!

THE LATEY-IST EDITION!—The Red, White and Blue Christmas Annual of the *Penny Illustrated*, edited by JOHN LATEY. Messrs. BYRON WEBBER and GODFREY TURNER responsible for Po'try, and ANNIE THOMAS, MANVILLE FENN, MACKAY, RICHARD HENRY, and others for Prose in this *Latey's and Gentleman's Christmas Annual*. *Prosit!*

SHOOTING PAINS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I am told that a great fuss is being made because some editor or other has reproduced someone's portrait without his permission. Now I can't understand anyone objecting to this being done, unless, of course, the portrait in question were used to illustrate an article on "Ugliness" or some such dreadful subject as that. Nothing pleases me more than to see myself in all the papers, and I'm so afraid that this agitation may frighten editors that I want to say to everybody that I'll give away any number of photographs, so long as illustrations are made out of them. Perhaps as I'm writing I might say that I'm a very gifted young actress, in addition to being extremely beautiful. I could play *The Second Mrs. Ponderbury*—*to*, I mean *Mrs. Tanqueray*—as easily as I could act *Juliet*. All I want is a chance.

Yours-on-the-make-up,
Brixton. ROSA Sr. CLAIR.

AT MR. HENSCHL's last concert HERR VON DULONG was unfortunately indisposed, and could not sing BEETHOVEN's "*Busslied*." Surely it needn't have been omitted, as Mr. HENSCHL, being there, the "*Buss-lied*" could have been sung by "*The Conductor*."

THE DECAY OF BURGLARY.—The Chief of the Police almost deplors the decay of burglary, without suggesting the cause. Perhaps the burglars have gone into the mining market?

TRILBYANA.—At the Haymarket, contrary to precedent, it is very evident that bootless feet cannot be without a Tree.

"ENCORE 'MOATLHODI'!"

(A Ballad of South Africa.)

THERE were three black Bechuana men, King KHAMA, SEBELE, and BATHOEN—
Though far they'd travelled, they fairly were
gravelled

On seeing the Chief, JOCHAM BERLEN.

There had never appeared within their ken
Such a putter to rights as CHAM BERLEN.
"A fig for BATHOEN and BATHOEN!"
Said KHAMA, SEBELE, and BATHOEN.

They journeyed to England and back agen,
This one to his kraal and that to his den,
And the third to his scanty remains (f a
shanty— [BERLEN!

They'd seen, though, the Chief, JOCHAM
They said, "Let us make him a citizen
Of Umtiwayo, this CHAM BERLEN—
A new blood-brother to each and the other,"
Said KHAMA, SEBELE, and BATHOEN.

What name for our country's new denizen?
Asked KHAMA, SEBELE, and BATHOEN;
It was promptly bestowed, he was titled
"MOATLHODI": [BERLEN!

For He-Who-Rights-Things is CHAM
"MOATLHODI" they christened him there
and then,

No more to be known as CHAM BERLEN;
Their own *nocus homo* to rank with SILOMO
Have KHAMA, SEBELE, and BATHOEN.

RIDER HAGGARD must look to the fame of
his den,

When KHAMA, SEBELE, and BATHOEN
Go stealing his thunder, and making us
wonder [LAIN!

At names that they coin for JOE CHAMBER-

THE OLLENDORF SYSTEM OF INVASION.

(Under the Patronage of Pall Mall and Whitehall.)

Is the South African Expedition ready to start? Yes, it is ready to start, by the kind consent of the good neighbour at the War Office. Has the good neighbour at the War Office made great preparations for the Expedition? The good neighbour at the War Office has made great preparations. What preparations has the good neighbour made? The good neighbour has supplied boxes of ammunition, food, and camp equipment. Has the good neighbour supplied anything else? Yes, the good neighbour has selected large numbers of special service officers, inclusive of a Royal Prince. Has the good neighbour supplied any one else? Yes, the good neighbour has also supplied several privates. Why has the good neighbour done this? The good neighbour has done this to afford paragraphs for the daily papers. Have there not been envoys from Ashanti in England seeking in vain an interview with the Colonial Secretary? Yes, there have been envoys in England from Ashanti seeking in vain an interview with the Colonial Secretary. Have the envoys been long in England? Yes, the envoys have been very long in England. Have they not said that they were the faithful envoys of the good King of Ashanti? Yes, they have said so (*id est*, so have said). Did any one believe the faithful envoys of the good King? No, for a long time no one believed the faithful envoys of the good King. Did



À DISCRÉTION.

"OH, MADGE! THE BASKET ALREADY QUITE EMPTY! I DIDN'T MEAN YOU TO EAT ALL THOSE FIGS AT ONCE!"
"NO MORE I DID, MUMMY DEAR. I EAT 'EM ONE BY ONE!"

they ever obtain an interview with the Colonial Secretary? Yes, indirectly, at the last moment. Did this cause any inconvenience to the good neighbour at the War Office? No, it did not cause him any inconvenience. What did the good neighbour order to be done? The good neighbour at the War Office ordered the tons of ammunition, food, and equipment to be sent to Ashanti. Did the good neighbour order anything else? Yes, the good neighbour ordered the large number of special service officers (inclusive of a Royal Prince), and the several privates also, to proceed to Ashanti. When all these people get to Ashanti what will they do? They will return. Will they have any fighting at Ashanti? No, they are not likely to have much fighting in Ashanti, but they are sure to get a medal.

"YOUTH WANTED."

A dingy shop, a squalid street,
Small ragged urchins fighting,
What here to stay my wandering feet?
What sight or sound inviting?
A sprawling legend on the pane
That speaks a common need,
A smile, a sigh, a smile again—
"Youth wanted," so I read.
A louder creaking of the door
On somewhat rustier hinges,
A shade more stiffness than of yore,
A few more gouty twinges,
Breath scantier than it used to be—
All these one want reveal,
All bring that legend home to me—
"Youth wanted," so I feel.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IAN MACLAREN finds his most dangerous competitor in himself. When Messrs. HODDER & STOUGHTON bring out a new series of stories from his pen under the title *The Days of Auld Langsyne*, the heart, untravelling, fondly turns back *Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush*, and doubts whether anything quite as well can be done. The earlier work had the advantage of breaking fresh ground. The denizens of Drumtochty were new to the poor Southerner, and he was able to accept even more than a reasonable amount of testimony to their uniformly angelic nature—high-minded, high-spirited, generous, poetical—underlying a rugged exterior. In the second collection of records of this remarkable community they are more generous, self-denying, spiritual than ever. To tell the truth, the succession of doses of sweetmeats has a tendency to pall on the palate. For that reason the stories were more effective when they came out at intervals in periodical publication. That only means that the man or woman happy enough to possess the book should not attempt to read it right through at a sitting, or a succession of sittings. One a week will have a wholesome effect, cheering mortals who dwell amid less exalted communities with the assurance that there is hidden somewhere in the Highlands a hamlet where all the men are good and most of the women are better. For real humour and true pathos, expressed in most musical broken English, IAN MACLAREN is, my Baroness says, hard to beat in his latest work.

"Never imagine yourself not to be otherwise than what it might appear to others that what you were or might have been was otherwise than what you had been would have appeared to them to be otherwise," as the Duchess said to dear Alice in *Wonderland*; which lucid remark fairly well defines the irresponsible position of *The Wallpug of Why*, by G. E. FARROW (HUTCHINSON & Co.) The *Girlish*, and many of the jokes to be met with in the dreamy Upsidedownness that leads to the Unanswerable land of "Why," are feeble imitations of the immortal Alice. It may achieve some popularity aided by the grotesque humour of HARRY FURNISS'S illustrations, and the dainty vignettes of his clever daughter, DOROTHY. *The Wallpug of Why* will be an enter-

taining book when *Alice in Wonderland* is forgotten,—but not till then.

At *War with Pontiac*, by KIRK MUNRO (BLACKIE AND SON) tells how a hero,—not *Valmond*, "but another,"—not only "came to Pontiac," but was saved from a fiery extinction by the discovery of the Totem of the Bear! The "totem" is a kind of first cousin to the tattoo—a sort of sign, in that part of the globe, by which the generally long lost brother is recognised.

Apparently we are losing something of our former British insular pride, for S. BARING-GOULD reproaches his countrymen with their appreciation of things, even literary, "made in Germany" and elsewhere, to the neglect of home-grown talent. In defence he has gathered together a deliciously quaint set of *Old English Fairy Tales* (METHUEN), wherein children will find the native fairy quite as charming as her foreign relatives.

Most appropriately appeared, a few days before the ninetieth birthday of Mrs. KEELLY was celebrated by a public ovation in her honour at the Lyceum, a book entitled *The Keelleys*, published by BENTLEY, and written by Mr. WALTER GOODMAN. "Good man and true;" no better man could have been selected to do the work. The most memorable character that Mrs. KEELLY ever played, indeed, her favourite part, was *Jack Sheppard*. Now how came Mrs. KEELLY to be "cast" for *Jack Sheppard*? whose inspiration was it to select her for this rôle? "I remember," quoth the Baron, "seeing KEELLY as *Mouser*, and his wife as *Betsy*, in *Betsy Baker*; both inimitable, being one among those few gems of acting whereof the playgoer retains a life-long recollection." As a small boy, that is as small a boy as the Baron could be, he retains a vivid impression of Mrs. KEELLY, as a Peri, singing and dancing in an extravaganza, and of Mr. KEELLY as *Isaac of York* in a burlesque of *Ivanhoe*, also as *Mrs. Gamp*, with Mrs. KEELLY as *Young Bailey*, in *Martin Chuzzlewit*. To have remembered them, and to have forgotten those who played with them (with the exception of WIGAN as *Montague Tigg*), is clear evidence of the impression these "two clever ones" made on the receptive mind of the then

BOYISH BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.



"PHOTOMANIA."

"Dot." "I SAY, WALTER, DO YOU KNOW THAT THEY ARE KILLING A PIG TO-MORROW!"

Walter. "YES; AND, DASH IT ALL, I HAVEN'T MY INSTANTANEOUS PLATES!"

THE PLAIN TALE OF CINDERELLA, TOLD BY THREE AUTHORS.

No. I. BY R. DY-ED K-LENG.

"By the Hoof of the Wild-goat uptoesed
From the Cliff where she lay in the Sun,
Go, stalk the red deer over the Heather,
And find the glass Slipper, and the Story
While the Snaffle holds, and the Long-Neck stings
Fields, and Fences, and Fun." *Padded-room Ballads.*

THE manner of it was in this way. Understand clearly that there was not a word to be said against CINDERELLA—not a shadow of a breath. She was good and lovely, with green eyes under eyebrows as black and as straight as the borders of the *Indian Gazette* when a big man dies. But— Well, her step-sisters were jealous of her. Which is curious.

One evening they went to a Ball at Government House, leaving CINDERELLA at home, crying. After that, I don't know what happened. This much is certain. CINDERELLA went to the ball, with no chaperon, and no card of invitation. And a wonderful dress. Gorgeous. I can't describe it, but it was a thing that hit you straight between the eyes and made you gasp. Don't ask me how it was all managed. All I know is, that, in two twos, her card was full. She was a success with those Up Above. The Prince fell in love with her. These sudden madnesses often affect the sanest men. You cannot account for them. CINDERELLA married the Prince, and went Home. I neither know, nor very much care, how it all happened. I have told you quite enough. You can just find out the rest for yourselves. There was a case once. But I will tell you of that later on. If you are not careful. What I want to know is,—How do people like CINDERELLA come to marry Princes?

You will say that this story is all made up. Very well, then. I want the person who says that, dead or alive. But dead for preference.

SOME PAPER, SOME PENS, SOME INK, SOME BLOTTING-PAPER, AND FISHER UNWIN.

(A SCRAP.)

No. II. BY J-EN OL-V-E H-BER.

PROLOGUE.

THOSE who live in glass slippers should be careful not to catch chills.

CINDERELLA appeared to have been kicked up into a powerful existence from the very *débris* of bricks, mortar, ill-temper, and common-sense. To look at her was to think of a scaffolding. Hair dishonestly golden, sparkling with peroxide and insincerity, framed a face of such extraordinary beauty that to behold it was to doubt the genuineness of the creation.

All CINDERELLA's relatives were more skilful at eating an expensive dinner than at ordering a cheap one; and CINDERELLA, who did the cooking, made it the business of her life to lead her family out of temptation; she knew greediness to be their special snare, and in helping them to conquer their tastes she found many opportunities of gratifying her own. For instance, every evening during the week CINDERELLA made rice-pudding, as she knew her step-sisters especially disliked it: and every time her father dined at home there was sure to be some dish containing onions; for he loathed them, having, indeed, such fastidious tastes, and such a repugnance for plain facts, that he would only eat straw when it was made into a bran mash.

(To be continued.)

CINDERELLA WATERS.

No. III. BY G-ROE M-RE.

(A Fragment of a Drama in Muslin and Glass.)

.... THE lamp had not been wiped, and the room smelt slightly of paraffine, which nearly overpowered the smell of grease and the acid and warm odour of a baked potato, a fragment of which remained on an unwashed plate. The mahogany dresser, with its rows of shining plates and dishes, the saucepan, frying-pan, sieves, the spit on which a half-raw leg of mutton was hanging, all proclaimed, to the practised eye of a connoisseur, the kitchen. On the floor, in front of the fire, sat a short, square-faced girl in a dirty mauve print dress, obviously not made for her. Her face seemed to wear the expression of the country that produced her; a Saxon face with the Sussex hills and downs clearly outlined on the cheeks, green-grey, quiet eyes, like the sea on a calm morning, and a protuberant white cliff-like brow. A girl of twenty, short, strongly built, with curiously short arms and firm sausage-like fingers. Her neck was plump, and her hair of so extraordinary a brown that it passed unnoticed. Her face usually escaped observation, being generally taken for one of those masks that children are wont to put on in the fashionable West End on the fifth of November.

In the still water of the sink, the shining plates and saucepans had all the magic of reflected things. The kettle on the fire sang plaintively, like the wind in the valleys where the wind never wholly rests. The coal-scuttle seemed full of charm, of the fascination of deciduous objects. CINDERELLA WATERS toyed with the cinders, large and small cinders, cinders like pebbles, and beetle-like cinders. Black smuts hung caressively on CINDERELLA's oyster-shell-like ears, on her flaxen eye-lashes, and her Saxon cheeks. Her flesh warmed under the fire-light, but she sighed as she thought of her hard life, work from week's end to week's end, never a holiday, never a little amusement. Outside, a full moon floated like a balloon high up in the sky, and the trees stretched out their arms like faint phantoms. In these moments the plaintive and wilful sweetness of life tempted CINDERELLA; she longed to be in the place of her sisters, she had dressed them for the servant's ball. The eldest had put on a black silk dress adorned with a wide collar fastened with a very fine pebble brooch. The other wore a canary-coloured shirt, a red velvet bodice, and a drab feather boa. Pale blue ashes floated from their hips, and one could hardly have recognised them as servant-girls.

With a sigh, she tried not to think of the glare and rustle of silk, of waltz tunes. She rose and began slowly ironing out some ragged dusters. . . . Then she started and her flesh burnt, for the red-hot flat-iron that she had accidentally dropped on her foot seemed to her like a message from a lover. . . .

NEW TITLE FOR MR. P-UCH AND MR. CH-MB-RL-N.—According to *The Times of Africa*, quoted by the *Times* of London last Thursday, the Bechuanaland Chiefs style Mr. CHAMBERLAIN "Moatlhodi," which is a Sechuana word, signifying "He who rights things." In this case the Chiefs will style Mr. Punch The Great Moatlhodi, or, "He who writes things which right things."

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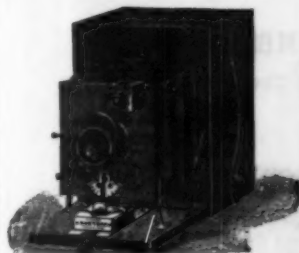
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